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Feet that ache are ill treated. No foot ever complained that was not pinched or rubbed or bound by stiff leather. If your feet are tender or sensitive, if you are on your feet continuously, don't force them into stiff, unyielding shoes.

THE SOUTHERN GIRL
\$2.00—SHOE—\$2.50

is made in many patterns on many lasts in many styles. Go to our dealer in your town and let him fit you. Ask to see this shoe shown here. We call it Old Ladies' Comfort, but many young women wear it for a house shoe because it is so easy under foot. Whatever your taste in style, we make it—of better leather, with more wear, than you ever bought before for \$2.00.

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CRADDOCK-TERRY CO.,
Lynchburg, Va.



This same shoe in our "Autograph" brand \$2.50-\$3.00 is Goodwear Well sewed; in our College Woman's Walking Shoe, \$3-\$3.50-\$4, it equals the best custom made.

THE 5TH SESSION OF THE

MONTEREY HIGH SCHOOL

will open Sept. 19, 1910. Trained and experienced faculty.

EDUCATE AT HOME

Fee for students outside of district \$2.50 per month.

Robert Sterrett, A. B., Principal

THE STORE

THAT MAKES

THE BARGAIN PRICES

Good Umbrella for \$1, worth \$1.25

Corsets for \$1, the kind you pay 1.25 for.

Ladies' underwear at 5 to 15c, pants 25c. You should come and see them.

Men's and Boys' Shirts, Collars, Ties and Pants at unheard of prices.

You should see our hats—don't forget to ask the price.

Arbuckle's Coffee 17c.

Sugar 6 1-2, nails 3 1-2

If you are getting these prices anywhere else we are the cause of it.

All kinds of Country Produce

Bought and Sold

You get more for \$1, dozen eggs or 1 lb butter here than any where else.

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Book on patents. "Hints to inventors." "Inventions needed." "Why some inventors fail." Send rough sketch or model for search of Patent Office records. Our Mr. Greeley was formerly Acting Commissioner of Patents, and as such had full charge of the U. S. Patent Office.

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The Secret of Youth

Do you ever wonder how you can remain young, or why other women older than you, look younger than you do? The secret can be put in a few words: "Preserve your health, and you will preserve your youth." By "health," we mean not alone physical health, but nerve health, as, sometimes, magnificently strong-looking women are nervous wrecks. But when you are weak physically or nervously, you need a tonic, and the best tonic for you is Cardui. It builds strength for the physical and nervous systems. It helps put life on your bones and vitality into your nerves.

Take CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

"My mother," writes Mrs. Z. L. Adcock, of Smithville, Tenn., "44 years old and is passing through the change of life."

"She was irregular and bloated and suffered terribly. My father stepped over to the store and got her a bottle of Cardui, which she took according to directions and now she is up, able to do her housework and says she feels like a new woman." Try Cardui in your own case.

Write to: Ladies' Tonic Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn. For Special Instructions, 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free.

PRIMITIVE PHYSIC.

John Wesley as a Physician and Some of His Remedies.

It is not generally known that John Wesley in one of his brief intervals of leisure published a sort of medical vade mecum called not inappropriately "Primitive Physic." It was first published in 1747, and it ran into at least twenty-four editions. The author was greatly surprised there was so swift and large a demand for it. In the later editions he was able to add the word "Tried" to certain remedies the virtues of which he had meanwhile found opportunities of testing. After five years' careful trial and notwithstanding the objections of the learned he recommends for the ague "to go into the cold bath just before the cold fit," but omits to say how to time the coming of the fit. To prevent apoplexy use the cold bath and drink only water. If this proves useless and a fit should declare itself you have only to "put a handful of salt with a pint of cold water and if possible pour it down the throat of the patient." To cure asthma "take a pint of cold water every morning, washing the head therein immediately after." Wesley gives four ways of curing old age—"take tar water morning and evening," "a decoction of nettles" or "be electrified daily" or "chew cinnamon daily and swallow your saliva." The two great panaceas in the Wesleyan doctrine are the use of cold water and the use of electricity, and at the end of the book are columns of every sort of disease which may be overcome by these simple expedients.—St. James' Gazette.

WANTED A JOB.

Therefore He Did His Best to Please the Manager.

A certain playwright relates how a manager was much annoyed by the persistent applications for a "job" made by a peculiarly seedy individual. Time and again the manager had referred this person to his stage manager. "See Blank," he would say, interrupting the man's attempts to set forth his qualifications.

At last the applicant did succeed in gaining audience of Blank, the stage manager, who was in the theater for the time "sizing up" candidates for the chorus.

There were, of course, a number ahead of him, but this fact did not prevent the seedy man from interrupting the stage manager between songs with requests for a job.

Exasperated, the stage manager at length turned to the pianist and ordered him to play an accompaniment for the stranger. With considerable hesitation the seedy person raised what voice he had in song. The result was bad as bad could be.

The manager suddenly commanded him to desist.

"What do you mean by this tomfoolery?" he demanded, disgusted. "You certainly have confounded impudence to ask me for a job!"

"Look here!" said the stranger, angry in turn. "I don't claim to be able to sing. In fact, I don't want to sing. I'm a stage carpenter. I only sang to please you because you insisted on it!"—Pearson's Weekly.

His Favorite Opiate.

Ushers in theaters handle some peculiar people during a season, but the experience of the employee of a Chestnut street playhouse was a puzzle for some time. A well dressed, middle aged man would secure an end seat in the front row almost every evening. He would tell the usher if he fell asleep he was not to be disturbed until after the show. No sooner would the orchestra play the overture than the ushers would notice that the man was asleep. At the close of the night's entertainment some one would rouse the sleeper and he would leave with a polite acknowledgment. One night he explained his strange behavior:

"I suffer from insomnia," he said. "The only relief I get is when I sit close to the drummer in an orchestra. There is something in the rhythmic beating of the drum that soothes me to sleep."—Philadelphia Times.

Found a Place.

The billposter had one poster left and no conspicuous place to put it. He stood on the corner and wondered what he should do with it. Presently an Italian woman carrying a big load of wood on her head passed by.

"Better than a Broadway electric tower for my business," said he.

Paste brush and paste were requisitioned, the poster was clapped on the perambulating wood pile, and for fifteen minutes the ever curious Broadway crowd stopped, turned and even followed to learn something about the commodity that was advertised in that novel manner.—New York Sun.

Wanted to Know.

"Have you ever read any of my husband's poetry?"

"Yes, I have had that—er—yes, ma'am."

"What do you think of it?"

"Madam, are you looking for a compliment for your husband's verses or for sympathy for yourself?"—Houston Post.

Different Now.

"Before we were married," sighed the fond wife, "you used to call me up by long distance telephone just as you used to, to hear my voice."

"Well," retorted the rebellious husband, "nowadays you won't let me get far enough from you to use the long distance."—London Telegraph.

Unapproachable.

Tall Student—Your father is touchy, isn't he? Short Student—No. That's the trouble. You can't touch him at all.—Chicago News.

GROTESQUE NAMES.

Burdens That Innocent English Children Had to Bear.

In England, as in other countries, thousands of people go through life cherishing a grudge against their parents for giving them absurd or incongruous names. It was most natural that a demure and pretty girl in a north suburb should feel resentful when she had to answer to the name of Busybody, given in honor of the winner of a race fifteen years before. Among the names registered at Somerset House are Alms and Graces and Nun Nicer, which were innocently borne by two little girls who found them most embarrassing in after years.

The appalling name of Wellington Wolsey Roberts was borne by a young man who, in disposition and appearance, was anything but militant, and as little likely to win fame on the battlefield as his predecessors Arthur Wellesley Wellington Waterloo Cox and Napoleon the Great Eagar.

However, even these names, inappropriate as they may be, are to be preferred to Roger the Ass, Anna (sic) Domini Davies and Boadicea Bashier. To parents of large families the advent of another child is not always welcome, but it is scarcely kind to make the unexpected child bear a token of disapproval. It must be rather terrible to go through life, for example, as Not Wanted James, What Another, Only Fancy William Brown, or even as Last of 'Em Harper, or Still Another Hewitt. And yet these are all names which the foolish caprice of British parents has imposed on innocent children.—Chicago Record-Herald.

OLD TIME GIRDLES.

They Were Indispensable Articles of Wear in the Middle Ages.

In the middle ages at the girdle were hung the thousand and one odds and ends needed and utilized in everyday affairs. The scrivener had his inkhorn and pen attached to it, the scholar his book or books, the monk his crucifix and rosary, the innkeeper his tallies and everybody his knife. So many and so various were the articles attached to it that the flippant began to poke fun. In an old play there is mention of a merchant who had hanging at his girdle a pouch, a spectacle case, a "punnard," a pen and inkhorn and a "handkercher," with many other trinkets besides, of which a merry companion said, "It was like a haberdasher's shop of small wares."

Another early play a lady says to her maid: "Give me my girdle and see that all the furniture be at it. Look that pinchers, the penknife, the knife to close letters with, the bodkin, the ear picker and the scale be in the case." Girdles were in some respects like the chainettes of more modern times, but they differed therefrom in being more useful, more comprehensive in regard both to sex and to articles worn, and when completely finished more costly. It is partly for this reason that we find girdles bequeathed as precious heirlooms and as valuable presents to keep the giver's memory green after death. They were not infrequently of great intrinsic value.

The Price of a Life.

According to Anglo-Saxon law, every man's life, including that of the king, was valued at a fixed price, and any one who took it could commute the offense by a money payment upon a fixed scale. The life of a peasant was reckoned to be worth 200 shillings, that of a man of noble birth 1,200 shillings, and the killing of a king involved the regeicide in a payment of 7,200 shillings. It has been pointed out that the heir to the throne could thus get rid of the existing occupant by murdering him and thereafter handing over the life, according to the scale, to the executioner, when his offense would be purged and his money would come back to himself, for in those days the sovereign received all fines as personal perquisites. There is very little doubt that these rough means were practically applied in the case of some rulers of England in the pre-conquest period.—London Telegraph.

Stevenson Obligated.

Robert Louis Stevenson once sent the following quaint letter to an autograph hunter:

You have sent me a slip to write on. You have sent me an addressed envelope. You have sent me a stamped. Many have done as much before. Many have done as much after. I am obliged to you.

"What do you think of it?"

"Madam, are you looking for a compliment for your husband's verses or for sympathy for yourself?"—Houston Post.

Calculating.

"Why doesn't Mrs. Filmgit stop quarreling with her husband and get a divorce?"

"She realizes how much more of his income he would have left after paying alimony than she now allows him for car fare and lunches."—Washington Star.

Careless.

She—My little brother shot off his gun this morning, and the bullet went through my hair. He—How careless of you to leave it lying around.—Exchange.

A Previous Question.

She—Papa asked what your intentions were last evening, George. He—Didn't say anything about his own, did he?—Boston Transcript.

Musical Note.

A newspaper says of a recent opera performance: "The ladies, the baritone and the bass were good, and so were the tenors' intentions."

A GASTRONOMIC JOY.

Old English Recipe for the Famous Soupe a la Crecy.

In the "Illustrated London Cookery Book," by Frederick Bishop, late caterer to St. James' palace, Earl Grey, the Marquis of Stafford, Baron Rothschild, Earl Norbury, Captain Duncombe and many of the first families of Great Britain (1852), we find this recipe for soupe a la Crecy:

"Cut half a pound of lean ham in dice, three onions, four turnips, twelve carrots (the outer side red only), a head of celery, a fagot of sweet herbs, two blades of mace, six cloves, a bay leaf and half a pound of salt butter. Fry, all down in a stewpan until they get a little brown; then add some second stock and stew until all the roots are quite tender; then rub it through a tammy sieve or tammy cloth with two long spoons. If very thick add more stock. Season with cayenne and black pepper and salt and a good bit of sugar. Send up on a napkin some nice fried bread cut in small dice and not greasy."

This is far less elaborate than it sounds and is, indeed, in the main the recognized recipe for the royal soup.

The spice is, if anything, a trifle overdone and the carrots want to be well chosen, as the slightest stringiness destroys the homogeneity of the compound. The bread dice are important and should be fried in the very best butter or superlatively good olive oil.—Fall Mail Gazette.

CORDITE.

Made of Two Powerful Explosives Kneaded Into Paste.

Cordite is the outcome of the strange paradox that if you mix together two powerful explosives the result is a smokeless slow burning powder. Nitrolycerin and gun cotton mixed together with a little petroleum jelly make cordite. It is curious to see the two deadly explosives being kneaded together into a paste by women with the same unconcern as dough is kneaded for bread. Indeed, machines similar to those used in bakeries take up the work and knead the buff colored cordite paste for seven hours. Then it is forced through molds and issues in long cords—hence the name cordite—the thickness of which is varied according to the weapon in which it is to be used.

For big guns cordite is half an inch thick and cut into lengths of thirty-seven inches. Rather more than a thousand of these cordite sticks packed in two bundles make up a cartridge for a twelve inch gun. For the rifle cordite is pressed into a very thin strip, like the finest macaroni, and six of these strands one inch and a half long make the neat little bundle which lies inside the cartridge case. For some European armies cordite is made in flat thin strips like whalebone. Kept away from fire, cordite can be handled with impunity.—London Graphic.

Mountains of Moab.

Most travelers who visit the Holy Land content themselves with a visit to that restricted part west of Jordan. The mountainous regions of Moab as seen by them from Jerusalem are lost in a purple haze that constantly hangs over them, and the great stretches beyond are covered in mystery. This is true partly because of the fewer historical incidents connected with the eastern regions, but mainly on account of the great abyss of the Jordan valley that has always acted as a barrier. Few who descend into the valley 1,300 feet below sea level undertake to climb the hills beyond, which rise to a height of 3,000 feet. Though its glory is far outshone by that of western Palestine, still, both in the old and the new dispensations, it has a history of its own and from an economic standpoint will always enter very largely into the life of Palestine.—Christian Herald.

Victor Hugo's Double.

Victor Hugo had a real double in flesh and blood, who exploited his physical resemblance to the man of genius. He cut his beard like Hugo's, copied the master's dress in its smallest details and so for eighteen years divided with the master the admiration of the public. His especial delight was to pose in a poetical attitude in front of a Punch and Judy show. He did this at a particular spot every Thursday afternoon for years, thoroughly enjoying the murmurs of curiosity and applause proceeding from the gaping crowd which he deceived. We do not hear that he reaped any other reward but his pleasure.

Didn't Like the Suit.

"Sir," said the young man as he entered the library for the purpose of interviewing the father of the only girl, "I am in love with your daughter. Have you any objection to my suit?"

The old man looked the y. m. over from head to foot.

"I sure have," he replied. "Why, I wouldn't wear a misfit suit like that to a dog fight. Why don't you try some other tailor?"—Chicago News.

From His Pa's Side.

"She doesn't know where the baby gets his bad temper."

"That's strange. Most young mothers can place that sort of responsibility in a jiffy."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Another Definition.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a coquette? Pa—A coquette, my son, is a girl who gets more admiration than proposals.—Exchange.

Anger begins in folly and ends in repentance.—Pythagoras.

Annoying.

First Angel—What is that spirit fussing about? Second Angel—She says her hatpins stick out beyond her halo.—Harper's Bazar.

A GROTESQUE BIRD.

Remarkable Assortment of Colors of the Brazilian Toucan.

The very peculiar looking Brazilian bird, the toucan, has a body about as big as that of a good sized parrot, but its beak is very different and easily striking colors. The toucan's beak is by no means lacking in bright and striking colors. The toucan's beak is half as long as its body, and it is broad and thin and set on edge vertically, shaped something like a blunted scythe, with the slightly curving, rounded edge on top and ending with a hook point turned downward—a remarkable beak in size and shape—and this beak is tinted with a remarkable assortment of colors, purple and red and green and yellow, while around the beak at the head runs a line of black.

The eyes of the toucan are surrounded by circles of a bright light blue, and on its breast, regularly outlined, is a broad and deep expanse of bright yellow in size and shape in proportion to the bird about the same as the generous expanse of shirt front shown by a man in evening dress with his waistcoat cut low and well rounded out at the bottom, this show of yellow being edged with a red line. The toucan's body for the bulk of it is black or a very deep blue black, but around at the base of the tall run two bands of color, one red and one white.

It is not a song bird. It is sold as a pet, not for children, but to adults, and it is more often fancied by men than by women. It takes \$25 to \$50 to buy a toucan.—New York Sun.

ROD AND LINE WON.

Contest Between a Strong Swimmer and an Expert Angler.

A novel contest took place some time ago at the Edinburgh corporation baths between one of the strongest swimmers in Scotland and a well known angler. The contest occurred in a pool eighty feet long and forty feet wide.

The angler was furnished with an eleven foot trolling rod and an undressed silk line. The line was fixed to a girth belt, made expressly for the purpose, by a swivel immediately between the shoulders of the swimmer at the point where he had the greatest pulling power.

In the first trial the line snapped. In the second the angler gave and played without altogether slackening line, and several porpoise dives were well handled. The swimmer then tried cross swimming from corner to corner, but ultimately was beaten, the match ending with a victory for the rod and line.

Another contest took place in which the angler employed a very light trolling rod ten feet long and weighing only six and one-half ounces, the line being the same as that used with the trolling rod. The swimmer, whose aim evidently was to smash the rod, pulled and leaped into the water. He was held steadily, however, and in about five minutes was forced to give in. The rod was again successful. At the finish both competitors were almost exhausted.

Want Their Children Thieves.

The Kakha Khels, a tribe that inhabits the country of the Khyber pass, in northern India, are thieves and consider thieving a most honorable occupation. A young woman of the Kakha Khel will not look at a young man who would like to become her husband unless he is proficient in the art. The dearest wish of a mother is that her little boy may become a cunning thief. Every child is consecrated, as it were, at its birth to crime. A hole is made in the wall similar to that made by a burglar, and the mother passes the infant backward and forward through the hole, singing in its ear: "Be a thief! Be a thief! Be a thief!" They are probably the only tribe in India who glorify in thieving and raise it to the dignity of a regular calling.—Christian Herald.

Jenny Lind as a Child.

Jenny Lind as a child of three years was the lark of her parents' house. As a girl of nine she attracted the attention of all lovers of music and entered the Stockholm conservatory as a pupil. Her continuous studies at so tender an age caused the sudden loss of her voice, and for four full years she pursued her theoretical and technical studies, when suddenly the full sweet sounds came back, to the delight, as every one knows, of thousands for many years.

Mark Twain's Definitions.

It is told of Mark Twain that during a conversation with a young lady of his acquaintance he had occasion to mention the word drydock.

"What is a drydock, Mr. Clemens?" she asked.

"A thirsty physician," replied the humorist.

To Show It Off.

"The Cross of the Legion is a wonderful thing for health."

"How's that?"

"There's nothing like it to encourage long promenade in the park."—Fleegende Blatter.

Parental Blunder.

"I know it's ridiculous for me to powder my face so thickly," said the dashing brunette, "but my parents named me Pearl, and I've got to live up to the name."—Chicago Tribune.

Happier Days.

"My poor fellow, were you always a tramp?"

"No, mum. Once I was known as a man about town." Louisville Courier-Journal.

MILLIONS OF ANTITOXIN.

Richmond, Va., Dec. 7, 1910.

(Special) Statistics compiled today at the State Health Department, and just announced, show that during the present year the Department has distributed 15,000,000 units of antitoxin to citizens of the State and that during little more than a year, the Department has distributed 23,000,000 units of this great diphtheria remedy.

As every thousand units of antitoxin sold by the Department, under the arrangements with the manufacturers, represents a saving of one dollar to the family making the purchase, the Department has thus saved in recent months \$23,000 to these afflicted households. This sum is more than the amount of the annual appropriation for the Department.

The demand for antitoxin is still great, and the Department expects it will steadily increase for several weeks to come. There is still much diphtheria in the State, according to the Health Commissioner, and this is being combatted everywhere by the liberal use of antitoxin.

CANNOT KILL A LICENSED DOG.

All dog owners in city and county are interested in the case of Dr. Richardson vs. A. M. Brennan, just concluded in the circuit court, with a verdict of \$50 for plaintiff.

The case was first tried before a Waynesboro justice, who found for defendant, the latter claiming that Dr. Richardson's two hounds, which he shot, were running through and damaging his wheat field and that he was annoyed by certain unknown dogs at night. The circuit court heard the case on appeal and decided that a man's licensed dogs are the same as any other domestic stock and cannot be killed without just provocation. All the dog law in the country was thrashed out in the two days' trial of the case, and local sportsmen are delighted over the result of the issue. W. W. Glass and S. D. Timberlake represented plaintiff and Curry and Curry the defendant.—Staunton Leader.

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ON LOOKOUT FOR SMALLPOX OUTBREAKS

Richmond, Va., Dec. 7, 1910.

(Special) That smallpox may be expected to appear in the State within the next few days, is the substance of a warning sent out today by the Health Department. As yet there have been few cases of the disease, but as the people of the State are not securing the necessary protection by vaccination, the Health Department anticipates cases of the disease in many quarters.

The greatest danger from influenza is of its resulting in pneumonia. This can be obviated by using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, as it not only cures influenza, but also counteracts any tendency of the disease toward pneumonia. Sold by Dr. K. H. Trimble.